

"Ad Astra Per Aspera"

The
A. M. A. CADET



BI-MONTHLY PUBLICATION
of
AUGUSTA MILITARY ACADEMY
FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA

"OUR DIRECTORS"

COL. T. J. ROLLER

MAJ. C. S. ROLLER, JR.

Co-Principals
A. M. A.

**Fifteen rahs for Colonel;
For Major, fifteen more:
A Merry Christmas, gentlemen,
With New Year's cheer in store.**

Christmas and New Year

Nineteen centuries ago, when Augustus Cæsar and his millions of subjects were on the point of celebrating one of their annual Saturnalia's, a season given over to selfish, unbridled sensualities, there was born in a little town in a distant praelecture of the Roman empire a baby boy, whose life was destined to shape for the better the history of all the world.

This child's birth took place amid very humble surroundings. There were no skilled physicians at hand to guard safely the infant's coming into the world, no trained nurses to minister to its needs; nor were its first baby-garments of purple and fine linen, but were the inexpensive handiwork of the young mother, who was poor in worldly riches, but rich in the purity of her heart and in the strength of her faith in God.

The years passed swiftly by. Mighty Augustus had found that his gallant, loyal legions could not save him from life's grim conqueror, death. Tiberias Cæsar had been advanced to the majesty of the imperial throne; and that little babe had now grown to man's full estate, for thirty years had passed since the fond mother had for the first time taken her darling child to her arms' embrace.

Thirty years of preparation, and then there followed three years, three brief years, but three years of startling accomplishment on the part of the young man who had begun to devote all his time "to doing good." His every day was given to alleviating physical pain, to renewing the spirit's trembling faith and to teaching mankind how to live that real life, that more abundant life. But then, ah, then, came Golgotha's trail, Calvary's shadowed stage and the world's sublimest tragedy!

December 19, 1929! Today, we cadets are on the point of laying aside our text-books and of returning to our homes and to our loved ones, there to celebrate the most wonderful holiday season in all the year. It has been estimated that we American people are going to spend for presents this Yuletide season a full billion of dollars, a thousand million! Such a stupendous sum of money is beyond our mental grasp; but the fact that we have it to spend is positive evidence of our great national wealth. Yet there is something of far greater value to the world than is gold and the material things that gold will buy. What is that something? It is *Love, Immortal Love!* The mighty power of the Cæsars and their vast material wealth have long since been buried beneath the sands of time; but the love of him who was born in the little town of Bethlehem of Judea shall glow all down the centuries as the world's brightest star of hope and happiness!

Christmas again draws nigh. With its coming, let us sweep clean the cobwebs of selfishness from our hearts and allow that spark of divinity in our souls, man's love for his fellowman, to brighten the trails of others less fortunate than we. Such will make us all the more happy and all the more godlike.

And then, as the old year passes out on the tide of time, we shall

(Continued on page 10)

Augusta Brings Home the Bacon—Defeating Fishburne 34-12

On Thanksgiving afternoon Augusta defeated Fishburne by the greatest football score in the history of the schools. From the first kick off it was evident that the powerful Blue and White eleven was out for victory. The game was packed with thrills, Weisker made three sensational runs for a touchdown, Gentry of Fishburne intercepted a pass and ran for a touchdown. Bovee of Augusta was the high light in the line. Fishburne was game, but it was fated for them to lose to the Augusta eleven.

FIRST QUARTER

Fishburne kicked off to Augusta and the ball was returned by a number of first downs to Fishburne's thirty yard line. From then on the ball went from one side to the other with many very good individual plays made by both teams. This continued until Augusta got the ball and Bach by wonderful football skill, carried it over for the first touchdown. A. M. A. kicked to Fishburne, but they soon lost the pigskin to us; and, after a short time of play, Copps again took it across for the second score of the period. Fishburne had the ball when the quarter ended, but the Blue and White had a good lead of fourteen to nothing, for we had kicked both goals, and the team was well on in the game.

SECOND QUARTER

The Waynesboro boys continued the game with the ball on their own forty-yard line. Several plays through center netted them no gain, for the Augusta line proved to be a solid wall. An end run gained three yards and on the fourth down they kicked to Malone. He returned the ball from our twenty yard line to our forty yard line by

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A. M. A. Cadet

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Tidings of Joy

*And the angel said unto them,
Fear not: for, behold, I bring you
good tidings of great joy, which
shall be to all people. For unto you
is born this day in the city of David
a Saviour, which is Christ the
Lord—MARK II-(10-11).*

Editorial

Augusta appreciates her wonderful football team of nineteen and twenty-nine. The men have put forth their best efforts and the school is very proud of the results. The great sportsmanship shown by each member of the team speaks well for it.

Having played one of the hardest prep school schedules in the State of Virginia, the team has come in with highest honors. Every game won was won fairly and squarely, and the two lost were hard fought victories for our worthy opponents. The school has not and could not possibly have a complaint.

Our coaches also are to be highly complimented, they have drilled our team to a near perfection in prep school football. Unlike some coaches, they have taught the men

that game must be won, but not at the cost of unsportsmanlike or ungentlemanly conduct. All three are men of culture and have been educated at two recognized and widely known colleges. They have played on several very good teams. Captains Deane of the back-field, Denton of the line and Yates of the ends have proven themselves very good men to coach Augusta's football team.

Christmas Eve

By a

CADET OF YESTERYEAR

I'm glad thou comest back again,
Christmas Eve;
Thy coming ever brings hours when,
Christmas Eve,
A little lad, at mother's knee,
I learned that story sweet of thee,
"A Prince is born in Galilee,"
O Christmas Eve!

Thy coming brings that Guiding Star,
Christmas Eve,
That beamed o'er Bethlehem afar,
Christmas Eve—
That star that led the Wise Men Three,
That star of truth that maketh free,
That hope-star of humanity,
O Christmas Eve!

Thy coming brings the wint'ry breeze,
Christmas Eve,
But pledge of spring, in holly leaves,
Christmas Eve,
And gift of life a world to save,
And gift of freedom to sin's slave,
And gift of vict'ry o'er the grave,
O Christmas Eve!

In name of Him whose is each day,
Christmas Eve,
Leave thou with each along thy way,
Christmas Eve,
The gift of faith's supernal sight,
The gift of hope's safe beaming light,
The gift of charity's sweet might,
O Christmas Eve!

The Augusta team has lived up to the last two lines of A. M. A. spirit—

We'll fight for the name of Augusta
Until the last white line is past.

Blethen: "Gee, your sweetie uses plenty make up."

Goodwin: "Yeah, she is my powered sugar."—*College Humor.*

S. C. I. vs A. M. A.

On the morning of Saturday, November 29, 1929, a light snow covered the athletic field, and the cadets were enthusiastic over thoughts of seeing a good football game in the snow. The field was prepared for the next to the last of Augusta's gridiron clashes.

Much to the disappointment of the cadet corps, word was received from S. C. I. that on account of the severe weather conditions they would be unable to appear upon the scene.

S. C. I. has always been a school of high standing in the hearts of the Augusta Keydets, and we regret that we were unable to play.

Friendship

Did you ever stop to think how much friendship really means to you, or what your life would be without friends?

True friendship is one of the finest things any one can possess. How unloyal we are at times to our friends. If we only stopped to think for a few minutes of the real value of friendship. Just feature yourself with more friends. How much better life would be and what a fine bunch of boys we would be!

Life is sweeter just because of the friends we have made and the things in common which we share. We do not want to live just for ourselves, but because of those who care.

Without friends, our lives would be empty. What fun would there be in doing things—working hard—if there is no one to smile and tell us our mistakes.

We should value friendship as a gift to be treasured, treating it as if it were priceless. Always safeguard it against any harm that may befall it, and make it last forever.

Major Roller Sees Things

Governor Byrd of Virginia, Major Roller of A. M. A., Col. Opie of 1st Regiment of Virginia Volunteers and the mayors of seven cities in the Shenandoah Valley recently made a tour of the Valley in one of Henry Ford's now model tri-motored airplanes, attaboy, Major!

The Spirit of the Corps

HEADQUARTERS R. O. T. C.
AUGUSTA MILITARY ACAD. UNIT
FORT DEFIANCE, VIRGINIA

November 29, 1929.

To: The Commandant Augusta Military Academy.

Dear Major Roller:

Please extend to the Football Team and the Corps of Cadets my Congratulations on our splendid Victory over Fishburne Military School. The Spirit of the Corps and the Sportsmanship of the Team, throughout the game, bore out in every way the Traditions that make Augusta Military Academy the School that we are all proud of. I regret very much that I am unable to be present and join in the celebration of the occasion. Assuring the Corps my utmost co-operation at all times, I am,

Sincerely,

THOMAS M. BRINKLEY,
1st Lieut. Inf. (DOL),
P. M. S. & T.

There is no joy in the world that will give more pleasure than true friendship.

True friendship is not rare. If we really stopped to realize the true value of friendship, we could make it more sacred.

Start today and make your friendships count for more, and you will not regret it a single minute in your life.

Auf Wiedersehen

To Col. and Maj. Roller, the members of the faculty, Lieut. Fontaine, Chef Crawford, the C. W.'s, "Biggy of the Post Exchange, and to all loyal "Augustans," the corps of cadets extends greetings and every good wish for a merry Yuletide season. Home is calling to our hearts and we are on the point of returning to that dearest and most sacred shrine on earth, but we beg you to know, loyal friends of past days, that we shall carry back with us grateful, happy remembrances of you, heartborn remembrances of the fact that you have made our past days among you all the brighter. We thank you one and all and are wishing you a New Year of richest blessings.

The Library

As the result of a very generous and highly appreciated donation by our good friend, Mr. C. H. Wetter, of Philadelphia, we have the pleasure of announcing that our library has been enlarged by the addition of one hundred and twenty-five volumes of wholesome, interesting literature. This gift, along with the past week's addition of fifty volumes of similar, carefully selected reading matter, is making the library all the more appealing these chill autumnal afternoons. Daily, weekly and monthly publications selected with an eye to general worth are received regularly and placed on our reading tables; and all cadets are cordially welcome to make use of this well lighted, comfortable reading-room, which is open daily from 4 to 6 o'clock.

We extend our very sincere thanks to Mr. Wetter for his generous contribution to our pleasure and to our larger acquaintance with the worth-while literature of the age.

Wrestling

The Semi-Finals of Augusta's company-wrestling matches were pulled off today, December 5, with the following results of the meet:

115 lb.—Hughes, T., of B Co., time advantage over Mountcastle of B Co.

125 lb.—Madry of B Co. threw Kirk of D Co.

135 lb.—San Fillipo of B Co. time advantage over Adams of B Co.

145 lb.—Barnes of B Co. threw Preston of D Co.

158 lb.—Eanes of D Co. time advantage of Westcoat of B Co.

175 lb.—Goodwin of B Co. threw Roulette of D Co.

Unlimited—Nicholas of D Co. time advantage over Westcoat of B Co.

Score: B Co. 18—A Co. 18.

Eliminating matches were held December 6, with the following results:

115 lb. Class—Tillery of A-Hughes, T. of B.

125 lb. Class—Madry of B-Miles of A.

135 lb. Class—San Fillipo of B-Tannehill of D.

145 lb. Class—Barnes of B-Malone of A.

158 lb. Class—McClung of C-Powell of A.

175 lb. Class—Goodwin of B-Nicholas of D.

In the final event, the winner over-all will receive a medal, while the company represented will receive a cup.

FINAL RESULTS OF THE WRESTLING TOURNAMENT:

A Company	18
B Company	5
D Company	5
C Company	3
Band and Staff	3
115 lb. Champion	Tillery
125 lb. Champion	Miles, H.
135 lb. Champion	Malone

Scat!

It was midnight's quiet, solemn hour. Above, the stars gleamed in their pure autumnal brilliancy, while silvery moonbars sent their bright cool lances through the frost-stricken foliage of the silent trees.

The Major, although wearied with the trying duties of another long day, arose from his desk, stepped out of his quarters and began his careful midnight inspection of barracks.

Some minutes previously, from its humble little home up on the slope just back of the abode of the

innocently slumbering C. W.'s, one of those very common musteline mammals, well known for its power of playfully ejecting a secretion that is rather offensive to the normal olfactory nerve of the *genus homo*, had also set out on a tour of inspection. And on this night, the little cat's objective seemed to be the precincts of barracks.

Nearer and nearer the little quadruped came; nor had it forgotten its barrage equipment, knowing no doubt that it was advancing upon the encampment of America's future military strategist. How do we know of this advance? Because

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Major Y8888 at M. B. C.

Teach you Latin? Yes, my dear;
Sit and con your lesson here.
What did Adam say to Eve?
"Amo te," I must believe.

Sound the *e* as *e* in *they*,
A as *a* in *arm*, I pray.
Anthony said to Egypt fair,
"Amo te"—Sweet maid, beware.

That is good, you speak it well;
Let me hold your hand and tell
What great Cæsar said one day:
"Veni, vidi—amo te!"

Cæsar, too, loved Egypt's queen—
Greta Garbo shows her keen—
Mighty Julius had to say,
"Amo, Cleopatra, te!"

Let my arm entwine your waist;
Latin is not learned in haste,
And when you are close to me,
Amot te sounds sweeter—see?

Should you sound a letter wrong,
I shall show you just how strong
Is my waist-entwining arm—
Amo te removes all harm.

You have learned enough today;
For tomorrow, let me say
We shall learn much more about
Amo te, pray have no doubt.

Should you fail your task to do,
I shall have to punish you;
For each word you hap to miss
Amo te demands a kiss.

Pretty pupil, keep this rule:
Never tell tales out of school.
If asked what you learn—let's see,
Say you, *Classic Charity*!

Sometimes the polish of a college
education seems to show mostly on
the shoes and hair.

Ties that Bind

Augusta is very proud of her alumni as athletes, and why not?

Coffee, of '24 is playing guard at V. P. I.

Edward, of '27, is playing end at Penn State.

Collins, of '24, is playing end on Georgia Tech.

Black, of '28, is playing at Holy Cross.

Shaeffer, of '29, is playing full-back at Haverford.

Yon, of '29, is playing tackle at Susquehanna.

Roller is playing quarterback at V. M. I.

Railey, McIntyre, and Payne are playing a stellar game for University of Virginia (Freshmen).

Harris, of '27, and Jacob, of '26, are playing fine ball for Washington and Lee.

Slusser is starring at Carolina.

McAllister is playing a fine game at Carolina.

The following alumni have paid visits to us recently:

Red Scott, our halfback, back in 1915.

Capt. Kellog, who has been promoted to the rank of Commandant of F. M. S.

Sam Woolridge, '24, Kentucky, who is a member of the American Fox Hound Association, stopped by on his way to a meeting in Chicago.

Capt. Kellog is now confined to the hospital in St. Louis.

Bargamin, '24 and Ray, A. C., Jr., '23, get their degrees in medicine at Va. U.

Ed. Pryor, '27, is getting along fine at his home in Charlottesville after an operation for appendicitis.

J. C. Goodwin, '27, was in the hospital at Durham, due to a motorcycle accident recently. The corps wishes him the quickest of recoveries.

Insomnia

I had been troubled for quite a while with insomnia. One day a friend suggested that I try the old remedy of "sheep-counting." Well, I did so, and I met with some temporary relief. But frolicking little lambs began to get mixed in with the sheep, and their appearance troubled me, for these words came to mind,

"The lamb, thy riot doomed to bleed today,

Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?"

Poor innocent little lambs! The thought of their being, merely to satisfy man's appetite, converted into lamb chops awakened all the sympathy in my heart and banished sleep. Slumber fled from me. I was becoming nervous, touchy, grouchy; and the very grave seemed to yawn before me.

One night when I lay me down to sleep, after a day spent in Staunton, a happy thought came to me. In reverie, I began to live the day over, and ere I knew it I began counting, not sheep, but legs. Legs that had passed along the streets in the town of Woodrow Wilson's birth. There were long legs, short legs, straight legs, bow-legs, stout legs, lean legs, and, well, some indescribable legs. But, unlike the little lambs, they moved me not to tears, for they seemed so capable of taking care of themselves.

One, two, three, four, I began counting, but, in an incredibly short time, I had been wafted to slumberland, where I soon dreamed that I was a rich legatee, having inherited a million dollar legacy, and that I was at the head of the American legation in sunny Leghorn. O 'twas a wonderful dream!

Should anyone troubled with sleeplessness read these lines, let him try counting the legs he sees daily. If he will do that, insomnia will certainly leg 'o him.

On the Rialto

Dorsey: "I say, old dear, hast time to list unto my words of truth?"

Malone: "Say on, say on, in sooth, I heed."

Dorsey: "Then hear me for the good of future gridiron days: our football captain Quarles all the while."

Malone: "Alas, and Connie find no balm for aching heart?"

—o—

SCAT!

(Continued from page 6)

our nose awakened us from dreams of fragrant rose-gardens to a belief that, not the moon, but the very earth was made of cheese—old, old, Limburger cheese afflicted with halitosis.

But the Major, how fared it with him? He had eventually finished his inspection; and, as he stood beneath the Arch, a smile suffused his handsome face; for, on his tour, he had found not one cigarette butt.

With a sigh of relief, he stepped out into the cool night air. Alas, his smile gave way to a frown, a frown that grew darker with every sniff of the impregnated atmosphere. With rapid strides, he crossed the court and gained his awaiting Lincoln. Springing into the car, he swung it about, all the while holding his breath. As the auto speedily, but softly purred down the drive, he sneezed, a long cleansing sneeze and briefly said, "What a whale of a difference a few scents make! I'd walk a mile for a—shot-gun!" —H. F.

—o—

Three Welshmen were at an inn praising a glass of beer:

First Man: "Best glass of beer I never tasted no other."

Second Man: "So did I, neither."

Third Man: "Neither did I, too."

—Scotsman.

Augusta Monograms Awarded at Banquet

Ft. Defiance, Va., Dec. 5.—The Annual Thanksgiving Dinner and Football banquet took place at Augusta Military Academy on the evening of Friday, November 29. This advance in date was due to the fact that the faculty and corps of cadets attended the A. M. A.-F. M. S. game, which was played on the latter's gridiron on the afternoon of November 28.

Former experiences among the hospitable folk of the progressive town of Waynesboro make it hard for the cadets to break off too abruptly such delightful social contacts, and it was for this reason that an extended permit was granted, which deferred a day the celebration mentioned.

Augusta's banquet hall was attractively decorated with pennants and banners of other schools and of popular colleges, along with the predominating colors, White and Blue. This was a get-together to celebrate one of the most successful seasons known in the annals of Augusta's football history.

400 AT TABLE

Around the 35 tables, which were burdened with all that goes to make up a real Virginia Thanksgiving dinner, were seated the faculty, the cadet corps and the invited guests; and, from the very beginning, a warm spirit of camaraderie pervaded the hall, cementing in good-fellowship 400 hearts that seemed to throb as one.

As to just what the dinner was, the added menu will speak for itself. One item was 650 pounds of prime Virginia turkeys, also 10 two-year-old Virginia hams.

Col. and Maj. Roller were, of course present, and, as usual, they saw to it that everyone enjoyed the occasion; but, since it was a foot-

ball celebration, and the Major is A. M. A.'s director of athletics, he was master of ceremonies, a responsibility he most happily carried out.

After the delightful dinner had been fully stowed away, and, by fully, one means fully, the commandant, and he is a jolly good fellow, gave an order not found in military tactics, but an order that was most gratefully carried out. It was "Loosen 'em up, boys." Many belts slackened their stress.

MAJOR ROLLER TALKS

In his customary, happy mood, Major Roller then addressed that gathering, calling attention to the beginning and the growth of football interest at A. M. A., and expressing his sincere belief that true sportsmanship on the athletic field is one of the nation's prime moral assets, "The youth," he said, "who willingly, cheerfully and constantly lives up to the wholesome demands of months of training, denying himself indulgences that incapacitate the body and mind, is laying a sound basis for a successful and honorable life."

After his interesting address, the major presented to a deserving group of young men who had made the highest averages in team-work the coveted letter "A." That these letters will be prized all along the trail of life was clearly manifested by the fortunate recipients, not so much by their words of thanks, as by their lack of words.

LIST OF LETTER MEN

The following is a list of the letter men for '29:

Major Monogram Men Football 1929.

Bach, Captain, 3rd time; Copps, M., assistant captain, 3rd time; Malone, 2nd time; Weisker; Walker, A., 2nd time; Moseley; Founds;

Bovee, 2nd time; Barnes; McCallum; Brewster; Westcoat; Tannehill, G.; Nuckols; Nicholas; Slemp, C.; Goodwin; Kelsey, 2nd time; Preston.

COACHES PRAISED

The squad's coaches, Captains Deane, Denton, and Yates, were congratulated by Major Roller for the efficient training through which they had put their men. Of these three men, who were present, Captain Deane seemed to be by far the happiest, while Captain Denton, appeared to be really lonely, with Captain Yates quite non-chalant. But, as one knows, there is a reason for all moods.

Colonel Roller was given by the toast-master but a few, a very few moments in which to address the assembly. Naturally, he did not say much, but what he said was wittily said and aptly said, and most heartily applauded. The colonel is, like his co-principal brother, and athletic enthusiast.

The evening was a most delightful one for all present, just such hours as these two able school-masters know how to give from time to time to the faculty, the corps of cadets, and their guests.

THANKSGIVING MENU

Celery and stuffed olives, roast turkey, chestnut dressing, cranberry sauce, giblet sauce, old Virginia ham, candied sweet potatoes, French peas, mince pie, ice-cream, mixed nuts and mints, cakes, apples, oranges, grapes, Parkerhouse rolls, Waldorf salad, and coffee.

—Staunton News Leader.

FOOTBALL BANQUET GUESTS

Miss Connie Quarles (Sponsor for the team), Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Hill, Mrs. L. Patterson, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Weisker, Miss Isabel

Weisker, Miss Hortense Smith, Miss P. E. Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Moore, Miss Matild Schmith, Mr. and Mrs. Richtmyre, Miss Genevieve Richtmyre, Mrs. C. E. Reed, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Segar, Miss Isabelle B. Jones, Mrs. Grattan Tegnor, Mrs. T. J. Roller, Miss Hilton Roller, Mrs. Benjamin Greider, Mrs. M. C. Crass, Miss Georgia Moore, Dr. J. L. Alexander, Mr. and Mrs. B. T. Moore, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. A. C. Alexander, Mrs. C. S. Roller, Jr., Mrs. Herbert Deane, Mrs. Wilfort Webb, Maj. and Mrs. Yates, Lieut. and Mrs. Caldwell, Master Thomas J. Roller, Master Herbert Jacob, Mother "Mac" McCormick.

ALUMNI

Reeves; Hailey; Hargrave; Miller, C.; Taggart, J.; McIntyre; Smith, T.; Adilson; Harris, C.; Alexander, J.; Yon, C.; Marrow, W.; Raily; Pryor, E.; Nash; Palmatory; Bolling, M.; Thompson; Conrad, C.; Byers, A.; Bargaman; Loth, F.; Ellison; Runnels.

Examinations

Examinations will began Monday forenoon, December 16, and will end Wednesday evening, the 18th. Their order will be that of the daily class period schedule, with the following indicated hours:

Monday forenoon—9 to 12 o'clock, first period subjects.

Monday afternoon—2 to 5 o'clock, second period subjects.

Tuesday forenoon—9 to 12 o'clock, third period subjects.

Tuesday afternoon—2 to 5 o'clock, fourth period subjects.

Wednesday forenoon—9 to 12 o'clock, fifth period subjects.

Wednesday afternoon—A recess period.

Wednesday evening—7:30 to 10:30 o'clock, sixth period subjects.

Augusta Brings Home

Continued from page 1)

some beautiful broken field running. Copps then took the ball twice through center and made a first down. Following this Bach went through tackle for another ten yards. Weisker then took the ball for one of his spectacular runs. He and his interference went through the entire Fishburne team for the third touchdown of the game. They received the kick and at this point, Captain Bach was injured and had to be taken out. Founds went in for him, and filled his shoes very well. This seemed to be a signal for Coach Deane to relieve most of his other first string men, and practically our whole second team went marching on the field. The whistle ended the half a few minutes later with A. M. A.'s second team holding Fishburne to short gains.

THIRD QUARTER

Augusta went back on the field and kicked to Fishburne, who brought the ball back to the center of the field where it was lost to us on downs. After two line-bucks, we attempted a short lateral pass, which was intercepted by Gentry of Fishburne. Gentry ran through our team, but had several A. M. A. men close at his heels. They were not quite fast enough, however, and he crossed the goal line for the first Fishburne touchdown. The goal was not kicked. Although our first team was back in the game, Fishburne made some long gains. However, the team rallied behind Weisker for a brief moment and gave him some nice interference for a sensational forty yard run for a touchdown. We failed to kick the goal and the score stood twenty-seven to six in favor of Augusta. Fishburne had the ball in their possession for the rest of the quarter.

FOURTH QUARTER

Fishburne got the ball on their

forty yard line, and, after several plays, they kicked to Malone, who once more brought the ball well up toward the middle of the field. A. M. A. seemed to be powerless, however, and returned the kick. Fishburne then started a passing game and they brought the ball within close range of our goal line. At this point, Bach was returned to the game. He was practically helpless, however, and was unable to stop the touchdown. This was an incompleated pass but the umpire gave F. M. S. the touchdown on the grounds that we had interfered with the receiver. F. M. S. did not kick the goal. On the following kick-off Weisker made one of the most sensational and spectacular runs of the season. He ran through the Fishburne team for a touchdown on the kick-off. We made the goal and a short time later the final whistle blew, and the score at the end of the game was thirty-four to twelve in favor of the Blue and White team.

A Dad writes: "When better money is made, my son will write home from school for it."—*Life*.

There was an old maid of Worcester

Who had a most wonderful roorcester,

For none ever heard

That wise old bird

Crow aloud, except as a boorcester.

She: "Jack dear, am I the first girl you ever kissed?"

He: "Yes, indeed; I learned to do that from a radio lecture I heard last night."—*Texas Ranger*.

A lazy old tramp of St. Claire
One night had a beastly night-mare;

But he hitched her up snuggy
To his bed, a little buggy,
And drove, well, just everywhere.

On Furlough

The leave of absence by which we are respectively permitted to lay aside for a period of three weeks our military and academic duties is granted us by our commanding officers, with a trust that we will not for a moment lay aside our duties to our school, our home, ourself.

When we came to Augusta, we came as ambassadors, representing home; when we set out to return home, we depart as ambassadors, representing our school. On our return trip, we are going to occupy a unique, a spotlight position in the eyes of the public—that of buoyant youth freed from supervisory restraint. How shall we use our freedom? Do we owe anything to the school we are about to leave for a brief time? Do we owe anything to our headmasters who have labored patiently, hopefully, anxiously to make Augusta a worthy "training-camp" for us, worthy of our parents' confidence, worthy of that spark of the divinity that glows within us?

Each of us on our vacation is going to be a mirror, reflecting north, east, south, west, glory or shame on the name of our school and the shrine of our home. What are those mirror-reflections going to be?

But why these words? Why question what a "Roller Boy" will do in line of duty? There is something in us, that "true self," that tells us we are going to play the part of gentlemen on the stage of glorious Yuletide's season.

Augusta, we salute thee: as trusted representatives, we go forth, a sacred trust to guard and keep!

Capt. Webb: "Ah, Slemple, are you chewing gum?"

Slemple, C.: "Naw, its tobacco."

Capt. Webb: "Ah, I beg your pardon."—*Git Cat.*

Impersonator Entertains Cadets

On the night of November 20, Mr. Yohanson made A. M. A. a short visit. Mr. Yohanson is a well known entertainer and impersonator, and has visited all parts of the United States. It was our good fortune to have him with us several years ago, and we were only too glad to be entertained by him again.

Mr. Yohanson began his program by telling us something about the life and characteristics of the Swedish people. He next gave us a short explanation of the movement of the earth around the sun, using a small globe for the earth and a flashlight for the sun.

Following this he gave us a few very good impersonations of well known characters.

He described the arts of fencing and how they were put into practice. Later on he told how different weapons were used in hunting wolves. He related several short stories about accidents happening as a result of careless handling of fire arms, and tried to impress upon the corps the danger of such weapons.

Mr. Yohanson ended his program with a few snatches from Shakespeare's King Richard Third.

All in all, it was a very delightful entertainment, and it was greatly enjoyed by everybody. We hope that Mr. Yohanson will visit us again in the near future.

Hunting Opens With a Bang

At last the hunting season has opened and game, so far, seems very plentiful.

Colonel Roller has very generously offered to secure hunting permits for all those desiring them. We hope that many will take advantage of the Monday holiday and do a little gunning on their own hook. At least, do not let Maj. Yates scare all of the game away before others get a crack at it.

Do They?

Twinkle, twinkle, Venus fair,
Do they wear georgette up there?
Down here it is passing by
High below, and low on high.

Capt. Deane: "Do you read Poe?"

Woods: "No, sir, I read pretty good."

Mosley: "Mel, what's a baboon?"

Founds: "It's something you stab whales with. Don't be so dumb."

Capt. Roderick: "So you think you can play tennis? I can beat you left handed."

Christian: "Sorry, sir, I don't play left handed."

Woods: "Does Nancy smoke?"

Goodwin: "Almost."

Christmas and New Year

(Continued from page 3)

be able to put aside our false-living, greeting the birth of the New Year with the heartborn hail:

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,

Ring merry bells across the snow;

The old year's going, let him go:

Ring out the false, ring in the true!"

Fifteen rahs for the true spirit of Christmas and for a New Year of nobler effort!

—H. F.

Jokes

BIG BOSS

A colored gentleman who appeared in court as a witness was asked:

"What is your name?"

"Calhoun Jefferson, sah."

"Can you sign your name?"

"Sah?"

"I ask if you can write your name."

"Well, no, sah. Ah nebber writes my name, Ah dictates it, suh."

—*Kreolite News.*

LONG-RANGE STUDENT

Boxing Instructor (after first lesson): "Now, have you any question to ask?"

Beginner (dazed): "Yes; how much is your correspondence course?"—*Pearson's.*

Mother: "Why don't you wear that beautiful underwear you got for Christmas?"

Daughter: "Oh, I'm saving that for a windy day."

—*Williams Purple Cow.*

MODERN GALLANTRY

A gentleman is always polite enough to get off and give a lady his seat on the water wagon.—*Life.*

DARE TO BE A MEAL TICKET

He: "Will you marry me?"

The Heiress: "No, I'm afraid not."

He: "Oh, come on, be a support."—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

INSTALMENT PLAN

Young Man: "How much do I pay for a marriage license?"

Clerk: "Five dollars down and your entire salary each week for the rest of your life."

—*Wester Christian Advocate.*

Roy: "Papa, what kind of berries are those?"

Father: "Blueberries, my boy." they're red."

Roy: "Blueberries! Why, papa, Father: "Yes; but only while they're green.—*Detroit News.*

THE EYES HAVE IT

She looks at me with Iris eyes,

She softly smiles and taps her feet; -

The band begins to tantalize—

I leave my Lucky for a Sweet.

—ZELL HEUSTON,
Hamilton College '32.

"Here, young man, you shouldn't hit that boy when he's down."

"G'wan! What d'you think I got him down for?"—*Annapolis Log.*

"Say, Bill, what's an 'electron'?"

"They come every four years and the Democrats lose 'em."

She was only a dentist's daughter, but she came of good extraction.

—S. H. RECK, JR.,
Iowa State '29.

SNIFFS

The animals formed a grid-iron team,

With a wise old owl as mentor.
The raccoon starred as tackle till
A brave old skunk played scenter.

JUST IMAGINE

Colonel Roller's teaching Pryor to chew tobacco,

Or

Major Roller's reaching for a Lucky instead of a report.

Or

Major Jacob's missing school assembly,

Or

Major Yates' giving a grade of 100 on Latin,

Or

Captain Yarbrough's robbing the school bank,

Or

Christmas' not coming in December,

Or

Ad astra sine asperis.

O Boy!

(Before Christmas)

When I get home at Christmas,

I'm never coming back:

I'm tired of Irish buggies

And strolling 'round the track.

(After New Year)

I'm off for Old Augusta;

I hope I'll get back soon;

So, good-bye, folks, I'll see you

Along some time in June.

Goat: "Would you scream if I kissed you?"

Francis: "Why, how could I, if you kissed me right."—*College Humor.*

Uncle Nate sez: "When in Paris, do as you like."

Maj. Roller sez: "A hair in the head is worth to in the brush."

And then there was the fellow who couldn't make the Notre Dame football team because he was subject to train-sickness.

—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

Mater: "What's the matter, dear, sick?"

Pater (waving telegram): "Just a slight touch of the son."

Meet Aunt Sophia who is so modest she won't undress with the *Christian Observer* in the room.

Judge: "You are accused of beating up a rent collector and two policemen."

Prisoner: "I did it in a moment of weakness, Your Honor."

The Football Squad

and Coaches

Sponsor—Miss Connie Quarles

VARSITY SQUAD

Captain H. D. Deane	Captain O. L. Denton	Captain E. M. Yates
Captain E. L. Ott	Coach "Tiger" Team
Captain Jno. C. Gallagher	Coach "Peep" Team
Captain J. B. Reveley	Coach of "Minnow" Team
Cadet Captain Wm. Lambert	Manager
Cadet Lt. E. W. Hildebrand	Asst. Manager
Cadet Sergt. Maj. J. H. Wright	Asst. Manager

BACKFIELD

Bach, *Captain*; Copps, M., *Asst. Capt.*; Malone, Weisker, Walker, A.,
Moseley, Founds, Taggart, R., Roberts, Sale, San Fillipo

LINEMEN

REGULARS

Centers—Bovee, Barnes
Guards—McCallum, Brewster, Westcoat, Tannehill, G.
Tackles—Nuckols, Nicholas, Slemp, C.
Ends—Goodwin, Kelsey, Preston

SUBSTITUTES

Center—Moore, J.
Guards—Etheridge, Tannehill, H.
Tackles—Stansbury, Miller, R. E., McClung, W., Moore, T., Hopkins
Ends—Jordan, Boxley, C., Jennings

FOOTBALL SCORES FOR THE YEAR OF 1929

<i>Augusta</i>	<i>Opponents</i>
Augusta—20.....	V. M. I. Varsity— 0
Augusta—19.....	W. & L. Varsity—12
Augusta—29.....	E. H. S.— 0
Augusta— 6.....	W. F. S.— 0
Augusta— 6.....	F. U. M. A.—13
Augusta—33.....	G. M. A.— 6
Augusta—34.....	F. M. S.—12